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Compariſon between the Goſpel of Chriſt and the Koran of Mahomet.

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IF now, after comparing together the authors of the two religions we have been conſidering, we take a ſhort view of the ſacred books of thoſe religions, the Koran and the Goſpel, we ſhall find a difference no leſs ſtriking between them; no leſs ſtrongly marking the truth of the one, and the falſehood of the other.

The Koran is highly applauded both by Mahomet himſelf and his followers, for the exquiſite beauty, purity, and elegance of the language, which they repreſent as a ſtanding miracle, greater than even that of raiſing the dead. But admitting its excellence (which yet has been queſtioned by ſeveral learned men); if beauty of ſtyle and compoſition is to be conſidered as a proof of divine inſpiration, the writings of Plato and Xenophon, of Cicero and Cæſar, and a multitude of other inimitable writers in various languages, will have as juſt a claim to miraculous origin as the Koran. But in truth, theſe graces of diction, ſo far from being a circumſtance favourable to the Koran, create a ſtrong ſuſpicion of its being a human fabrication, calculated to charm and captivate men by the arts of rhetoric and the faſcination of words, and thus draw off their attention from the futility of its matter, and the weakneſs of its pretenſions. Theſe are the artifices of fraud and falſehood. The Goſpel wants

them not. It diſdains the aid of human eloquence, and depends ſolely on the force of truth, and the power of God for its ſucceſs. "I came not (as St. Paul ſublimely expreſſes himſelf) with excellency of ſpeech, nor with the enticing words of man's wiſdom, but in demonſtration of the ſpirit and of power, that your faith might not ſtand in the wiſdom of men, but in the power of God."

But, whatever may be the purity of the language, the matter and ſubſtance of the Koran cannot bear a moment's compariſon with that of the Goſpel. The narrative is dull, heavy, monotonous, unintereſting; loaded with endleſs repetitions, with ſenſeleſs and prepoſterous fables, with trivial, diſguſting, and even immoral precepts. Add to this, that it has very little novelty or originality to recommend it, the moſt material parts of it being borrowed from the Scriptures of the Old Teſtament or the New; and even theſe are ſo diſguiſed and deformed by paſſing through the hands of the impoſtor (who vitiates and debaſes every thing he touches), that you can hardly know them to be the ſame incidents or tranſactions that you read with ſo much delight in the Bible.

The Goſpel, on the contrary, is every where conciſe, ſimple, original, animated, intereſting, dignified; its precepts important, its morality perfect, its ſentiments ſublime, its views noble and comprehenſive, its ſanctions awful.

In the Koran, Mahomet is perpetually boaſting of his own merits and atchievements, and the ſupreme excellence of his book. In the Goſpel, no encomiums are beſtowed by the Evangeliſts, either on themſelves or their writings. Even the virtues of their Divine Maſter are not diſtinctly ſpecified, or brought forward in a conſpicuous point of view. It is from his actions only, and his diſcourſes, not from the obſervations of his hiſtorians, that we can collect the various tranſcendent excellencies of his character. Here we plainly ſee the ſober modeſty of truth oppoſed to the oſtentatious vanity of impoſture.

In the deſcription of future rewards and puniſhments, the Koran is minute, circumſtantial, and extravagant, both in painting the horrors of the one, and the delights of the other. It deſcribes things which cannot, and ought not to be deſcribed; and enters into details too horrible, or too licentious, to be preſented to the human mind.

In the Goſpel, the pains and the pleaſures of a future life are repreſented conciſely, in ſtrong, but general and indefi-

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nite terms, ſufficient to give them a powerful, but not an overwhelming influence over the mind.

There is ſtill another, and a very material mark of diſcrimination between the Koran and the Goſpel. Mahomet ſhows throughout the utmoſt anxiety to guard againſt objections, to account for his working no miracles, and to defend his conduct, in ſeveral inſtances, againſt the charges which he ſuſpects may be brought againſt him. This is always the caſe with impoſture. It is always ſuſpicious, afraid of being detected, alive to every appearance of hoſtility, ſolicitous to anticipate, and eager to repel the accuſations of enemies.

Truth has no occaſion for ſuch precautions, and therefore never uſes them. We ſee nothing of this ſort in the Goſpel. The ſacred hiſtorians ſhow not the ſmalleſt ſolicitude, nor take the leaſt pains to obviate cavils, or remove difficulties. They relate plainly and ſimply what they know to be true. They entertain no doubt of it themſelves, and ſeem to have no ſuſpicion that any one elſe can doubt it; they therefore leave the facts to ſpeak for themſelves, and ſend them unprotected into the world, to make their way (as they have done) by their own native force and incontrovertible truth.

Such are the leading features of Mahomet and his religion on the one hand, and of Chriſt and his religion on the other; and never was there a ſtronger or more ſtriking contraſt ſeen than in this inſtance. They are, in ſhort, in every eſſential article, the direct oppoſites of each other. And as it is on all hands acknowledged that Mahomet was an impoſtor, it is fair to conclude that Chriſt, who was the very reverſe of Mahomet, was the reverſe of an impoſtor, that is, a real meſſenger from Heaven. In Mahomet we ſee every diſtinctive mark of fraud; in Jeſus, not one of theſe is to be found. But, on the contrary, every poſſible indication and character of truth.

Kotzebue's Account of the Illneſs and Death of his Wife, in the Autumn of 1790.

[From his Publication entitled "My Flight to Paris."]

[*Continued from Page* 509 *of our laſt Volume.*]

ON the twenty-firſt and twenty-ſecond, my Frederica continued much the ſame. I ſent an expreſs both

mornings to Doctor Starke, with an account of the ſituation of his patient. I ſcarcely ever quitted her bedſide, and experienced ſome ſatisfaction at finding that ſhe did not in general appear to have any apprehenſion of danger. Once only as I embraced her and laid my cheek to her's, not being able to reſtrain my tears, ſhe ſeemed for a moment to be ſtruck with a degree of anxious ſolicitude. This, however, ſoon vaniſhed again, as I wiped my eyes, and endeavoured to reſume a countenance of hope and ſerenity. Indeed, her delirium was commonly ſo ſtrong, that it was impoſſible for her to be ſenſible of her ſituation.

On the twenty-third, ſhe was eaſier and better. This gave me very flattering hopes. I went to bed much more compoſed, and, for the firſt time ſince her illneſs, had ſome quiet ſleep. But the next morning, about half paſt four, I was awakened by the maid, with the dreadful intelligence that her miſtreſs was much worſe. Oh God! with what horrible feelings did I ſpring out of bed, and haſten to her room! I found her extremely uneaſy. She complained of exceſſive pain at her heart, in her breaſt, in her back, and particularly in her right ſide about the lungs. She breathed very ſhort, and her cheeks were extremely fluſhed. For ſome days, I had obſerved this ſymptom with great anxiety, but the day before had been much conſoled about it.

I trembled ſo that I could ſcarcely ſtand, for I thought her almoſt at her laſt hour, and knew not what was to be done. The nurſe and maid were the only people in the room with me. The latter I diſpatched to Mr. Buchholz, who was ſo good as to come immediately, and ſoon after came my mother and Madame Muſæus, the widow of my excellent friend the profeſſor. We rubbed the body of the poor ſufferer all over with flannel, particularly thoſe parts where ſhe complained moſt of pain. She found this a conſiderable relief, the pain abated, and ſhe aſſured us ſhe was much eaſier.

Oh how was my heart, in theſe anxious hours, toſſed about between hopes and fears! Yet ſo horrible to me was the idea of the irreparable loſs I was about to ſuſtain, that how much ſoever appearances threatened that event, I could not perſuade myſelf that it was poſſible it ſhould take place. A ſtill, ſmall voice, ſeemed continually to whiſper in my ear, this cannot be!—the affliction was too great to be endured! —fate cannot inflict upon thee ſo ſevere a misfortune!— She may deprive thee of thy children, of thy property, but aſſuredly ſhe will ſpare thy wife! Ah that I could but have

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trafficked thus with fate!—could thus have purchaſed from death his devoted victim!

The phyſician hoped that the alarming ſymptoms which had appeared, preceded only the breaking out of an eruption. How did I watch my beloved wife every moment, to examine if nothing of this kind was to be perceived; when, about noon, after repeated diſappointments, ſome ſpots at laſt appeared. My tranſport was inexpreſſible. I ran immediately to both phyſicians with the happy tidings, and wept like a child. They ſhared in my joyful hopes, and conjured me, for God's ſake, upon no conſideration to let her be taken out of bed. Hitherto ſhe had frequently got up to have her bed made, and however we ſometimes wiſhed her not to be diſturbed, ſhe was ſo extremely deſirous of it, that it was ſcarcely poſſible to put it off. I now therefore never ſtirred from her room, ſince her love for me was ſo much more powerful than her diſeaſe, that when I tenderly intreated, ſhe even gave this up. At night, I laid down in the room with my clothes on; when Madame Muſæus, who, upon this melancholy occaſion proved herſelf a moſt ſincere friend, promiſed faithfully, that if ſhe appeared the leaſt uneaſy, I ſhould be inſtantly awakened.

At five o'clock I aroſe. I received the joyful information, that my poor Frederica had paſſed a quiet night, and I found her eaſy when I went to her bedſide, and kiſſed her as uſual. This much increaſed my flattering hopes.

Since ſhe appeared ſo well, Madame Muſæus went home early, and I lighted my morning pipe, and retired for a ſhort time to another room, that I might not diſturb my wife with the fumes of my tobacco. I had not been there long, before the maid came to me half breathleſs, and pale with horror, bringing a handkerchief all over blood, which my Frederica had thrown up. What a new ſource of alarm and anguiſh! I haſtened to her, and found her with a ſhort cough and ſpitting blood. I ran with all poſſible ſpeed to the phyſician; he ordered her a compoſing draught, which I gave her; the cough ſoon abated, and ſhe began to doze.

My ſtrength was almoſt exhauſted. The morning ſun ſhone on the oppoſite houſes, the air was warm, the heavens ſerene. I reſolved to avail myſelf of my wife's being aſleep to breathe a little freſh air. I turned my ſteps towards Belvedere. Were I to deſcribe all my thoughts, my feelings, my prayers, my hopes, my fears, upon this walk, they would fill a large volume of themſelves. Is it not a ſtrong argument in favour of the immortality of the ſoul, that our

thoughts and feelings are not confined by time? That they paſs with ſuch rapidity, that a ſingle moment ſuffices to revolve in idea what would occupy years in action? That no man can ſay ſuch and ſuch a portion of thoughts ſhall paſs in my mind in ſuch a number of minutes, but that the acts of ages are involuntarily compreſſed together in one momentary perception, and yet appear as clear to the mind as though every object, every circumſtance, were embodied before the eyes? What then can be this principle, that requires neither ſpace nor time for its operations, yet works ſo all comprehenſively within us? Can it be ought but ſpirit?

Powerful are the charms of nature. Even on that awful day her enchantments for a moment engroſſed my ſenſes, and lulled my anguiſh to reſt. The warm ſerene ſunſhine aſſimilating itſelf with what it found congenial in my boſom, ſome rays of reviving hope, they for a while, by their combined power, ſuppreſſed the tumults that raged there. "Ah!" I ſuddenly exclaimed aloud, "all will yet be well!!!" Fancy ſupported this bleſſed idea, and raiſed within me a crowd of tranſporting images. I ſaw the bloom of health once more ſpread itſelf over the cheeks of my beloved Frederica. I ſaw her walking up and down the room, ſomewhat weak indeed, but ſupported by my arm, apprehenſive of no farther danger. I ſought out for her the beſt old Rheniſh wine that could be procured, omitted nothing that might contribute to her entire reſtoration, and when this anxiouſly deſired object was finally attained, I thought of ſolemnizing a little feſtival to commemorate the bleſſed event. My eldeſt boy I determined ſhould learn a poem by heart, two orphan children ſhould be clothed, and a circle of ſelect friends invited. After dinner, as we were ſitting round the table, a band of muſic ſhould ſtrike up in the next room, "Lord God, we praiſe thee!" When we, filling our glaſſes, and raiſing them up towards Heaven, I, with my other hand round the neck of my beloved wife, would ſing in chorus, "Lord God, we praiſe thee!"

Oh flattering fancy! For one moment didſt thou here make me happy! It was a drop of cordial to enable me to ſtruggle with new ſorrow.

Amid theſe muſings, I inſenſibly reached the Caſtle of Belvedere, about half an hour's walk from Weimar. I bought a noſegay for my wife, and a roſe-buſh in a pot, for ſhe was always very fond of flowers. The noſegay I carried home myſelf. I reached my houſe about half paſt one, when I found my Frederica ſtill aſleep, nor had ſhe coughed

during the whole time of my abſence. About two o'clock ſhe awoke: I gave her the flowers: ſhe ſeemed pleaſed with them, but it was only a momentary pleaſure; ſhe ſoon relapſed into her accuſtomed indifference to every thing. The eruption meanwhile continued, and this kept my hopes ſtill alive. But in the afternoon the cough and ſpitting of blood returned, and continued for a long time. In the evening it abated, yet ſhe breathed very ſhort, and ſcarcely knew any body. Leeches were applied below her right breaſt, but ſhe did not appear to feel them. The roſe-buſh I had bought in the morning was brought in and placed by her bedſide, but ſhe paid no attention to it. I am ſilent as to my own ſituation; it may be conceived; it cannot deſcribed.

About ten o'clock ſhe ſeemed to be in the laſt agonies. Her throat rattled, her eyes were fixed, and the phyſician, as well as myſelf, thought there was every ſymptom of approaching death. My friends intreated me not to ſtay, and ſee her die; and reminded me, that I owed to our children the preſervation of my life and ſenſes. I was ſo ſtupified, that I knew not what I did. I took leave of my wife, who neither heard or ſaw me. Only for one moment, when I threw myſelf upon her, and preſſed my burning lips to her's, did ſhe ſeem in ſome degree ſenſible, and returned my kiſs very faintly. This token of her love gave me the ſudden relief of tears; they ſtreamed down my cheeks: I kiſſed her again and again, and ruſhed out of the room, in the fatal conviction that theſe were the laſt kiſſes I ever ſhould give this beloved wife.

I was ſolicited to leave the houſe, but while any hopes of her life remained that was impoſſible. I threw myſelf upon a bed in another apartment, where I continued in a ſtate of mind little ſhort of diſtraction. My mother remained in the room with my Frederica.

How ſhall I deſcribe this long and miſerable night! Every moment I expected to receive the laſt fatal tidings. As often as I heard the door of my poor wife's chamber open, my heart was ready to beat through my breaſt, and all my limbs ſhook—I expected it to be the meſſenger of death. About midnight, I heard the ſound of coffee grinding in the kitchen. Oh God! this ſeemed to be an aſſurance that all was over; that thoſe who were watching with her had no other object of attention remaining but themſelves.

A thouſand times had I reſolved to go and ſatisfy myſelf upon this dreadful ſubject, but anguiſh held me back; the idea of ſeeing her corpſe, the corpſe of my Frederica, was

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perfect agony. Still, ſtill, I thought, a ray of hope remains in my boſom, ſhall I deprive myſelf of that by ruſhing on a dreadful certainty? Amid theſe horrid reflections, I continued toſſing on the bed, experiencing torments not to be exceeded by thoſe of Hell. No! the ſenſations of a criminal whom the following morning is to lead to execution, cannot be half ſo dreadful.

Yet one more tranſient interval of hope was in ſtore for me. Sometimes the lamp in my room appeared nearly extinguiſhed, and then again quickly burned bright and clear. This ſeemed a type of human life, and I thought that my beloved wife might revive again as the flame in the lamp.

Four o'clock had juſt ſtruck, when I heard the door of the ſick chamber open, and my mother's footſteps approaching mine. My ſenſes were nearly gone: I could hear my heart beat: I looked wildly at her as ſhe entered—"She is ſtill alive," were the firſt words ſhe ſpoke. What a balſam were they to my wounded ſoul! I burſt into a ſhower of heart relieving tears. I had no power of ſpeech. I could not aſk a ſingle queſtion, but my mother told me, with a countenance of conſolation, that immediately after midnight, the dreadful ſituation in which I had left my wife began to amend, ſhe became eaſy, and had not coughed ſince; ſhe now knew every body, and had aſked ſeveral times for me. With one ſpring I was in her arms. Oh God, what a bleſſed change! ſhe knew me, ſhe ſmiled, ſhe returned my kiſſes, and ſaid ſweetly, "I can kiſs thee now joyfully: awhile ago it was painful to me!"—She was perfectly rational, and aſſured me ſhe found herſelf better. I brought her the roſe-buſh, ſhe ſeemed highly delighted, and even reached out her head to ſmell to it.

My tranſport was unbounded, and I inwardly thanked God for his mercy with an ardour ſeldom perhaps experienced. I conſidered my wife as ſaved. I thought within myſelf whatever has aſcended to the utmoſt height it can reach, muſt inevitably fall again. My Frederica's diſorder had laſt night reached that ſummit, and now is in its deſcent. I waited with impatience the dawning of day, when I haſtened to the phyſician, who was aſtoniſhed beyond meaſure to hear me ſay, "My wife is ſtill alive." He recounted over all the ſymptoms of approaching death that had appeared the preceding evening; and ſince theſe had ſubſided, he ventured to hope with me, that the criſis was paſt, and ſhe might yet be reſtored.

[*To be continued.*]

Account of the Life of the late Sir Francis Buller.

ON Wedneſday, the 4th of June, 1800, died at his houſe in Bedford-ſquare, Sir Francis Buller, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, long celebrated for the extent and correctneſs of his juriſprudential knowledge. He was the ſecond ſon of James Buller, Eſq. Member of Parliament for Cornwall, by his ſecond wife, Jane, daughter of Allen, Earl of Bathurſt.

Sir Francis Buller received a claſſical education at a private ſchool in the weſt of England, and having elected the law for his profeſſion, was entered in the Temple, under the pupilage of Mr. (afterwards Judge) Aſhhurſt. He was early diſtinguiſhed for great depth of knowledge, and profeſſional accuracy; and for ſome years before he was called to the bar, practiſed with great ſucceſs as a ſpecial pleader. Faſhion, and the indiſcriminate uſe of a phraſe which is little underſtood, have occaſioned ſomewhat of contempt to be attached to the reputation of a ſpecial pleader: by ſome, ſpecial pleading is underſtood to mean nothing more than a proficiency in the ſcience of chicane, and a facility of exerting technical knowledge in enabling iniquity and injuſtice to the triumph over candour and good faith; by others it is conſidered as a mere accumulation of jargon without any exact meaning, and without any other reſult than the increaſe of expence, and the delay of juſtice. Thoſe who make theſe applications of the term, ſpeak from the abuſe againſt the ſcience. Special pleading, or rather the art of drawing pleas, is founded on the ſtricteſt, and, at the ſame time, moſt liberal rulesof logic. It implies not only a correct and minute, but a vigorous and comprehenſive mind; not only a talent for perceiving the ſhades of difference which are found between the extremes of right and wrong, but a great degree of readineſs in applying them to a particular caſe. The nervous exerciſe of vigorous and manly eloquence obtains greater applauſe, and produces a more perceptible effect on the minds of juries; but in vain does the advocate obtain a verdict at *Niſi Prius*, if the correctneſs of the ſpecial pleader has not laid the foundation on which the ſuperſtructure of ultimate ſucceſs muſt be raiſed; nor is the ſupport of the throne of juſtice, and the final adjudication of the law, ordinarily committed to thoſe orators whoſe talents were moſt admired at *Niſi Prius*, but to thoſe who by their ſkill in ſpecial pleading, have evinced that laborious attention and preciſe

information, without which juſtice may be perverted, and the judgment led captive by the imagination.

While Mr. Buller practiſed as a ſpecial pleader, Mr. Erſkine was numbered among his pupils. In Eaſter term, 1772, he was called to the bar, and in the ſame year publiſhed his "Introduction to the Law of *Niſi Prius*;" a work which reflects the greateſt honour on his learning, judgment, and ability; it ſtill remains in high repute, and although Mr. Eſpinaſſe has publiſhed a very laborious and ſucceſsful work on the ſame ſubject, Buller's *Niſi Prius* is, and perhaps always will be, a book in great demand and high eſtimation.

Mr. Buller's progreſs at the bar was extremely rapid: he is ſaid to have owed much of his ſucceſs to parliamentary connection, but this appears to be one of thoſe fictions by which dunces attempt to depreciate genius when it has met its due reward. Mr. Buller was never in Parliament, nor was he ever a conſpicuous ſupporter of any Miniſters or their meaſures. Lord Mansfield though an active and able politician, was not ſubject to be biaſſed on the judgement-ſeat by his political predilections; at leaſt not in ſuch a way as make coincidence a motive of perſonal preference. In Michaelmas term, 1777, he was honoured with a ſilk gown, and in three days after this promotion (27th November) made Second Judge of Cheſter. In the enſuing Eaſter term, a vacancy ariſing by the death of Sir Richard Aſton, Mr. Buller was, at the expreſs and earneſt recommendation of Lord Mansfield, advanced to the bench.

In this Court, Judge Buller ſat for ſixteen years, and his conduct abundantly verified the high hopes entertained of his abilities. Lord Mansfield ſupported his early exertions with all the weight of his authority, all the perſuaſion of his irreſiſtible eloquence; and when in the evening of his days that truly great character was frequently obliged to ſeek a temporary receſs from the fatigues of his ſtation, his place was ſupplied by Judge Buller, with a degree of ability and integrity which left little room for regretting the abſence of the principal. Lord Mansfield was ſo entirely convinced of his ability that he is ſaid to have exerted all his influence, and even to have held his office after the power to execute its functions had ceaſed, for the purpoſe of obtaining the ſucceſſion to Sir Francis Buller.

His efforts failed, but this was not the only inſtance in which a marked predilection was ſhewn for Buller's talents: he was often deputed by Lord Thurlow to ſit in the Court of Chancery;

Chancery; and during the interval between the reſignation of Lord Thurlow and the appointment of Lord Loughborough, Judge Buller was one of the Commiſſioners of the Great Seal.

In Trinity term 1794, finding the buſineſs of the Court of Kings-Bench too multifarious for the ſtate of his health, he exchanged ſituations with Sir Soulden Lawrence, who had recently been made a Judge, and ſat in that Court till the end of his days.

Sir Francis was always celebrated for his ready perception of the real point in a cauſe, his penetration in detecting the fallacies of advocates, and the equivocations of witneſſes, and his clearneſs in explaining his opinions to the jury. His integrity is not commended, becauſe no Britiſh Judge has ever been known ſince the revolution to want that quality. The detractors of Buller, and detractors every man in an exalted ſituation muſt expect, have imputed to him ſomewhat too much of ſeverity in criminal caſes; but this inſinuation is not founded on any cogent proof: one caſe alone is cited, but the public ſeems long ſince to have acquieſced in the Juſtice of Donnellan's ſentence.

In the year 1785, Judge Buller encountered much obloquy on an account of an altercation with Mr. Erſkine, on the trial of the Dean of St. Aſaph; but the heat of political diſpute had conſiderable effect, and the Judge was unfairly balanced in the public mind againſt an able and popular advocate in a popular cauſe. In 1798 he was at the head of the commiſſion for trying the ſtate priſoners at Maidſtone, and conducted himſelf with the moſt exemplary dignity, prudence, and moderation. This was the laſt conſpicuous act of his public life.

In private he was amiable, gay, and benevolent; in perſon remarkably handſome, his complexion florid, his eye brilliant, and replete with ſagacity and penetration. His health, during his latter years, was undermined by continual attacks of the gout; and at the time of his death, he intended to have reſigned his ſituation of Judge in a few days. His death was remarkably ſudden; he fell from his chair while playing a game at picquet, and expired inſtantaneouſly. He was in his 55th year.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Brave tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Duncan's fleet, in the late engagement with the Dutch,

having the misfortune to have the other ſhot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the ſurgeon, notwithſtanding the poignancy of his agonies, being a man of humour, he could not ſuppreſs his joke, ſaying, "It was high time for him to leave off play, when his laſt pin was bowled down."

Hiſtory of the famous William Tell, and of the Revolution in Swiſſerland in 1307.

[From Planta's Hiſtory of the Helvetic Confederacy.]

THE incroachments of Albert of Auſtria, and the tyrannical conduct of his bailiffs, particularly Geſler, cauſed the firſt fermentation in the minds of the high-ſpirited mountaineers of Swiſſerland. This was in the year 1307.

In the night preceding the 11th of November, came Furſt, Melchthal, and Stauffacher, with each ten aſſociates, men of approved worth, and who had freely declared their abhorrence of the unwarranted oppreſſions of the bailiffs. Theſe three and thirty undaunted patriots, deeply impreſſed with the ſenſe of their hereditary freedom, and firmly united by the dangers that threatened their country, being thus met in the field Rutli, ſuffered neither the vindictive wrath, nor the whole formidable power of the houſe of Hapſburg to divert them from their purpoſe, but with one heart and mind reſolved, that in this great enterprize none of them would be guided by his private opinion; that none would forſake his friends; but that they would all jointly live and die in the defence of the common cauſe: that each would, in his own vicinity, promote the object they had in view, truſting that the whole nation would one day have cauſe to bleſs this friendly union: that the Count of Hapſburg ſhould be deprived of none of his lands, vaſſals, or prerogatives; and that his bailiffs, their officers and attendants, ſhould not loſe one drop of blood: but that the freedom they had inherited from their forefathers they were determined to aſſert, and to hand down to their poſterity, untainted and undiminiſhed. Thus fixt in their reſolve, while, with tranquil countenances and honeſt hands, each beheld and claſped his friend; while at this ſolemn hour they were wrapt in the contemplation that on their ſucceſs depended the fate of their whole progeny; Werner, Walter, and Arnold, held up their hands to Heaven, and in the name of the Almighty, who has created man to an inalienable degree of freedom, ſwore, jointly and ſtrenuouſly,

ſtrenuouſly, to defend that freedom. The thirty heard the oath with awe, and with uplifted hands, atteſted the ſame God and all his ſaints, that they were firmly bent on offering up their lives for the defence of their injured liberty. They then calmly agreed on their future proceedings; but for the preſent, each returned to his hamlet, obſerved profound ſecrecy, and tended his cattle.

Meanwhile the progreſs of wanton oppreſſion put a period to the life and cruelties of the bailiff Herman Geſler. Prompted either by reſtleſs ſuſpicion, or by ſome intimation of a meditated inſurrection, he reſolved to mark thoſe who bore his yoke with moſt reluctance, and had recourſe to an expedient which, perhaps, had been practiſed by the anceſtors of this people before they left their northern ſeats.* He raiſed a hat on a pole at Uri, to which he commanded all paſſengers to pay obeiſance. William Tell, of Burglen, in the valley of Uri, ſon-in-law to Walter Furſt, a man in the full vigour of life, of an undaunted ſpirit, and one of the ſworn friends of liberty, ſcorned to pay the reſpect Geſler had ordained to this ſymbol of his uſurped authority. An unguarded declaration of his contempt for this badge of ſervitude, induced the bailiff to ſeize his perſon; and thinking it unſafe, on account of the many friends and relations he had in his native valley, to detain him there, he reſolved (contrary to the privilege of the people, which forbade their being ſent to foreign priſons) to convey him acroſs the lake.

They had not navigated far beyond the Rutli, when on a ſudden a boiſterous ſouth wind burſt forth from the inlets of St. Gothard, and raiſed the waves on the lake to a tremendous height. The bailiff, juſtly alarmed at his own danger, ordered Tell, whom he knew to be an expert boatman, to be freed from his fetters, and intruſted with the helm. They rowed in anxious ſuſpenſe under the towering precipices on the right of the lake, till having approached the Axelberg, Tell ſteered cloſe to a projecting cliff, ſprung on ſhore, and leaving the boat to contend with the rocks and raging billows, climbed up the ſteep, and fled to Schwitz. The bailiff likewiſe eſcaped the ſtorm, and landed at Kuſnacht, near the lower extremity of the lake; but Tell, aware of his own danger while

* Graſſer, a Swiſs writer, has pointed out ſome reſemblance between various incidents in Tell's hiſtory, and thoſe of Tocco a Scandinavian, whoſe feats are recorded by Saxo. The popular tale of the apple, which Tell was ordered to ſhoot at on the head of his infant ſon, is wholly omitted by Muller.

while ſuch a foe ſurvived, met him in a hollow road, and ſhot him with an arrow.

Such was the end of Herman Geſler. He fell before the appointed hour for the deliverance of the country, without any co-operation on the part of the indignant people, but merely by the provoked reſentment of a free, high-minded individual. The deed, it is true, cannot be juſtified on legal principles; and Tell has more than once been branded with the opprobrious appellation of conſpirator and aſſaſſin: but it was a deed ſimilar to many which have been highly extolled in hiſtory: nor is it at all expedient, or neceſſary, towards a well regulated government, that oppreſſion ſhould have no limits, and that tyrants ſhould have nothing to fear. This deed of William Tell cheered the hopes and animated the courage of the ſworn aſſociates; but many feared leſt the anticipation might rouſe the vigilance, and call forth all the efforts and precautions of the ſurviving bailiff. They, however, continued carefully to conceal their project: and thus ended the year 1307.

The name of Tell, except at a meeting of the community of Uri, in 1339, when an aid was voted for Berne, occurs no more, in the hiſtory of this country. He appears to have returned to his houſe at Burglen, upon the ſite of which a chapel has ſince been erected, as well as on the ſpot where he leaped on ſhore. He is ſaid to have been drowned in 1354, in an inundation: two ſons of his are mentioned, William and Walter. His male iſſue became extinct in 1684, and the female not before 1720. No honours, or rewards whatever, were conferred on him or his progeny; nor indeed on any of thoſe who, on this occaſion, freed their country. All their deſcendants lived in obſcurity; ſome are even ſaid to have died in hoſpitals. Such diſintereſtedneſs did their anceſtors combine with ſo much heroiſm!

One of the confederates, a youth of Underwalden, who was paying his addreſſes to a maid-ſervant in the caſtle of Roſsberg, was frequently admitted to nightly viſits in her chamber†. One of theſe viſits he paid at the firſt hour of the year 1308, when he aſcended by a rope to one of the

† Theſe viſits were then, and have long after continued to be cuſtomary, when a youth ſeriouſly intended to marry a young woman; and never implied the leaſt ſuſpicion of immorality. A practice not unlike this in North America, and deemed as innocent, has long been the ſubject of mirth and wonder among more refined but leſs continent nations.

windows of the caſtle. No ſooner had he been introduced, than twenty of his companions, who lay concealed in the moat, were likewiſe drawn up, and entered at the ſame window. Theſe immediately ſecured the keeper, his four ſoldiers, and all his attendants; took poſſeſſion of the gate, and obſerved ſtrict ſilence.

Soon after day-break, twenty other men of Underwalden came to Sarnen with their uſual new-year's gift to the bailiff, which, on this occaſion, conſiſted of a large number of calves, goats, and lambs, and abundance of poultry and game. Landenberg, whom they met on his way to church, commended their liberality; and ordered them to convey the preſents to his caſtle. Being arrived at the gate, one of them blew a horn, and each drew out a pointed weapon, and fixed it on his ſtaff. Thirty more of the confederates haſtened from a neighbouring wood; and theſe jointly took poſſeſſion of the caſtle, and ſecured all thoſe they found within its walls. The appointed ſignal being now given, and inſtantly repeated from alp to alp, the whole country of Underwalden roſe in arms. The men of Uri ſeized on Geſler's opprobrious tower; and the Schwitzers, led by Stauffacher, flew to the lake Lowerz, and poſſeſſed themſelves of the caſtle of Schwanau. So punctual and expeditious were all theſe movements, that the meſſengers who reciprocally conveyed the tidings of the ſucceſſes, met near the middle of the lake.

Landenberg, aware of his danger, endeavoured to eſcape acroſs the fields between Sarnen and Alpenach, but was overtaken and ſeized. He and all the keepers, officers, and ſoldiers found in the caſtles, were conducted to the frontiers; where, after they had taken a ſolemn oath never to return within the confines of the three cantons, they were diſmiſſed without the leaſt hurt or moleſtation. The blind father of Melchthal, on this memorable day, once more bleſſed his exiſtence: the chaſte wife at Alzelen exulted in the ſafe return of her gallant huſband: Walter Furſt publicly extolled the courage of his ſon-in-law; and the wife of Stauffacher received with joyful feſtivity, in her houſe at Steinen, all the brave and truſty friends who had accompanied her huſband to the Rutli and the lake Lowerz.

The conſciouſneſs of returning liberty exhilarated every mind; and yet, amidſt all the tumult and confuſion that ever attends popular commotions, all the exultation that unavoidably ſucceeds the happy iſſue of ſo hazardous an enterprize, it is well atteſted that, in this inſtance, not one drop of blood

was

was ſhed, and no proprietor whatever had to lament the loſs of either a claim, a privilege, or a ſingle inch of land. Landenberg repaired to King Albert; and the Swiſs met on the next ſucceeding Sunday, and once more confirmed by oath their ancient, and (as they have ever fondly named it) their perpetual league.

Account of a Roman Literary Cuſtom.

THE Romans were accuſtomed (and a very uſeful cuſtom it would be for men of letters, if employed prudently and with moderation) to recite their works in the preſence of their friends, before they gave them to the public. In this they had two views; the firſt to receive the advice, and the corrections, which even the moſt ſkilful writer will need; and ſecondly, which is indeed but a conſequence of the firſt, to publiſh nothing which was not very perfect, or at leaſt not quite unworthy of attention.

Orations, or eloquent compoſitions, dialogues of various kinds, hiſtory and poems, were the pieces uſually recited in theſe aſſemblies. Some of the critics of thoſe days thought that neither hiſtories nor tragedies ſhould be recited, becauſe hiſtories are not written with an ambition of eloquence, but merely to give a teſtimony to truth: and that a tragedy requires a ſcene and actors to give its proper impreſſions to the auditors. And ſo far, as that hiſtory ought to be ſcrupulouſly examined, and that a play certainly has a very different effect on a ſtage than in reading, their obſervation was juſt.

Tickets of invitation were ſent on theſe occaſions to perſons of taſte to invite them to theſe recitals. Emperors have dignified theſe aſſemblies with their preſence; and Auguſtus was a patient auditor of poems, hiſtories, and dialogues. At length from the wiſe uſe of this cuſtom ſprang its abuſe; men of wealth, deſirous of obtaining a literary reputation, bribed the votes of their auditors, and packed a jury of criticiſm, a circumſtance very ſtrongly depicted in the ſatires of Perſius and Juvenal.

A REFLECTION.

OF all paſſions vanity is the moſt reſtleſs and troubleſome. It deſires conſtant excluſions and preferences. It demands every thing, and gives nothing in return.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Young man of nineteen, at Bourdeaux, was lately convicted and executed for having murdered his aunt. Thoſe who ſaw him between the time of his ſentence and execution give the following particulars reſpecting him:—Having ſome knowledge of drawing, this young man amuſed himſelf with tracing on ſome pieces of paper the circumſtances of the aſſaſſination: on one was delineated the poſture in which he ſtood when he firſt ſtruck his aunt; on another he drew himſelf knocking her brains out; in a third he repreſented himſelf on a ſledge going to the ſcaffold.

ACCOUNT *of the* HALO.

AN halo is the appearance of a circle about the moon, which ariſeth from a groſs and thick cloud, upon which the lunar rays fall directly, ſo that its middle is made porous to them, and broke through by them (though the circumference be not), which is therefore the appearing circle, and which is not, as it is vulgarly imagined, nigh to the moon, but it is in the expanſion of the air, and far remote from the moon.

Anſwer, by J. Staples, of Briſtol, to N. Knott's Rebus, inſerted April 28.

THE initials join'd FIRE will expreſs;
What all men dread, and yet careſs.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Andrews, of Kingſbridge; John Field, of Staverton; E. Sherman, of Cornwood; T. Whicker, and P. A. Kavanagh, of Exeter; T. Webber, Jun. of Tiverton; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers; J. Ball, Jun. of Taunton; G. Andrews, of Modbury; and R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh.

Anſwer, by E. Sherman, of Cornwood, to R. Thomas's Charade, inſerted May 5.

YOUR firſt is QUEEN, as clearly doth appear;
And CHARLOTTE next muſt follow in the rear:

Long may ſhe live, in happineſs and peace,
And ſuch misfortunes to our ſhipping ceaſe!

*** We have received the like anſwer from W. Harris, Jun. Thomas Whicker, and W. Gregory, of Exeter; R. Andrews, of Kingſbridge; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; J. Ball, Jun. of Taunton; J. R. Toulmin, of Barnſtaple; R. Towning, Serjeant of the Fivehead Volunteers; Thomas Jarvis, of Malborough; W. Chudleigh, of Newton Buſhel; John King, of Kingſbridge; Philom. of Teingmouth; J. Weeks, Jun. of Plymouth; G. Hazell, of Clovelly; and R. Maffett, of Saltaſh.

A REBUS, *by W. Rennels, of Barnſtaple.*

YE amateurs of Goadby's pleaſing page,
Ye meritorious votaries of fame,
Who myſteries develope, I'll engage
My firſt a Gallic General you'll name.

Harmonious next! I give thee honour due,
The fellowſhip of ſouls in concord join'd;
Poſſeſſing thee, and to each other true,
We dare defy an hoſtile world combin'd.

Hail third! the choiceſt gift of God to man,
Sweet conſolation! ſhould diſtreſs furround;
Oh let thy bliſsful influence expand
Peace and ſerenity will then abound.

Long live my next! he on his God rely'd,
When treaſon dar'd erect its Gorgon head;
May Providence, who ever was his guide,
Choice bleſſings on his ſacred temple ſhed.

Avaunt, my laſt, to thy infernal den!
Go alienate thyſelf from human breaſts;
For domiciliated once with men,
Adieu! to future happineſs and reſt.

The initials all, with circumſpection place,
A famous writer you'll expoſe to view;
Whoſe eloquence the Britiſh annals grace,
Who lately paid the debt to nature due.

POETRY.

JEALOUSY: *A* POEM.

FOR each emotion of the mind,
A fairy ſhrine I've tried to find
In flow'r, in ſhrub, or tree;
But, ah! what flower or plant could bear
The ſtruggling, tort'ring pangs that tear
Thy victims, jealouſy?

Could bloſſom frail, whoſe tender form
Scarce for an hour endures the ſtorm,
With thee one moment dwell?
Th' uncertain dread, the chill'd deſire,
The ſick regret, the reſtleſs fire,
Muſt burſt her ſilken ſhell.

Or where the ſturdy giant oak
To feel thine agonizing yoke,
His generous heart deceiv'd;
He whom no common blaſts o'ertake,
Soon would thy pow'rful torments ſhake,
And nature's ſelf be griev'd.

To Darwin, whoſe botanic ſong
Wantons their wild amours among,
I leave the daring taſk:
To paint the gentler pains of love,
Whoſe flatt'ring doubts affection prove,
Oh muſe! is all I aſk.

Deſcendant of the garden's pride
Narciſſus, for himſelf who died)
A jonquil grac'd the grove;
A butterfly, with ſilver wing,
Struck with her ſaffron charms in ſpring,
With vows declar'd his love.

The virgin flow'r was coy a day,
She turn'd her golden head away,
And ſent him to the ſky;
But when he next his flame expreſs'd,
That ſhe felt much the ſame confeſs'd,
And ſeal'd it with a ſigh.

How joyful now the ſeaſon paſt!
Each moment happier than the laſt,
They ſwore to love 'till death;
He worſhipp'd at her ſilken ſhrine,
And flutt'ring round her ſweets divine,
Imbib'd her fragrant breath.

It happen'd that one ſunny morn,
They ſaw an amaranth, hot-houſe born,
Releas'd from cryſtal ſhrine;

The

The butterfly, whoſe taſte was good,
Who flowers and honey underſtood,
Swore ſhe was quite divine.

The next day, at th' accuſtom'd hour,
When inſects leave their ſecret bow'r,
No glitt'ring lover came;
His jonquil gaz'd around the grove,
And oft in trembling tones of love
She breath'd his cheriſh'd name.

At firſt in ſorrow's plaintive words,
She dreaded boys, muſeums, birds,
And patient watch'd and ſigh'd;
But ſoon with ſudden phrenzy ſtung,
With throbbing heart, and falt'ring tongue,
"That horrid Amaranth," cried.

"While here in dire ſuſpenſe I die,
"Too ſure that cruel, barb'rous fly
"Courts yonder trump'ry flower;
"Am I leſs fair, leſs ſweet than ſhe,
"Can he, oh falſe! thus torture me,
"To flirt with her an hour?

"How often did my mother warn
"To treat all butterflies with ſcorn,
"A fickle, flutt'ring race;
"Perfidious too to call me fair,
"To idolize my virtues rare,
"And thus my choice diſgrace.

"Didſt thou e'er know thy jonquil trip?
"Bee, waſp, or fly my nectar ſip?
"Reſerv'd for thee alone;
"Ah wretched flow'r! ah lot ſevere!
"Flies who ſuſpect, their doubts may clear,
"I here till death muſt moan."

Then, drown'd in tears ſhe look'd above
Oh joy! ſhe ſaw her feather'd love
On zephyr's pinions borne;
And ſhe who, not an hour before,
Had vow'd ſhe ne'er behold him more,
At once forgot her ſcorn.

She frown'd, but ſomething in her ear
He whiſper'd, which I could not hear,
I ſaw her ſmiles return;
Whether he ſlept that day too long,
Or rov'd the green-houſe plants among,
She knew I ne'r could learn.

WHIMSICAL EPITAPH.

THE Lord ſaw good,
I was lopping of wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check,
And broke my neck,
And ſo death lopp'd off me.